



WARREN
MAGAZINE



CREEPY
#69

FEB. 1975

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

CREEPY

STORIES

PGC
\$1.00

TERROR FLOODS
THE DARKENED
DUNGEON
WHEN A MAN
IS LEFT ALONE
TO FACE
"THE PIT AND
THE PENDULUM!"

SIX CHILLING
ADAPTATIONS
FROM THE PEN
OF THE MASTER
OF HORROR!

PLUS:

THE OVAL PORTRAIT • CASE of M. VALDEMAR • PREMATURE BURIAL
FALL of the HOUSE of USHER • MS. FOUND in a BOTTLE



AYE! YER UNCLE
CREBBY'S BACK, AND
THIS TIME I'M NOT
ALONE!

THE SPIRIT OF MY OLD
TURN-SPINNING CUCKEY
EDGAR ALLAN POE
HAUNTS THESE VERY
PAGES!

SIX OF HIS GREATEST
HORRS **LURK** WITHIN!

SO LETS NOT **LINGER**
ANY **LONGER**. GET BACK,
RELAX AND **ENJOY** THIS
SPECIAL ISSUE DEDICATED
TO THE MAD MAJOR OF
TERROR...



COVER
The hideously bored victim threatened to meet a bloody, decaying, and stinking black cat on one of the streets of London. A CREEPY magazine by Ken Kelly.

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CREEPY NO. 69 PUBLISHING MONTHLY \$5
JULY-MARCH, JUNE AND OCTOBER BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO. EDITORIAL, SUBSCRIPTION AND BUSINESS OFFICES AT 145 EAST 32nd STREET, N.Y. 10016 TELEPHONE (212) 683-6086

SUBSCRIPTIONS: 8 ISSUES FOR \$10.00 IN THE U.S., CANADA AND ELSEWHERE \$12.00

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CREEPY

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"The Raven was great, but where was Bowser?"

An old CREEPY tradition seemed to be the practice of putting one brilliantly written and illustrated story in an issue and then filling out the rest of the magazine with narratives that are by comparison mediocre.

This month, we were treated to one of those rare issues in which not just one story stood out, but every tale presented contributed to an all-around satisfying product.

Excerpts from the Year Five was moving and frighteningly real. I rate it with Jim Stenström's "An Angel," Sky Of Hell, and Ernie Colon's "Tender Machine 10061," as one of the best science-fiction pieces to appear in CREEPY.

Budd Lewis is the most important Warren writer to emerge since Bill DuBay, and the best since Archie Goodwin.

"Oil of Dog" was an absolute delight. Jack Batterworth's tongue-in-cheek script was beautifully accented by Isidro Mones' inspired drawing technique. It is by far the best story of a humorous nature to ever appear in CREEPY.

FRED JANSSEN
Bell, Calif.

I have just finished reading my second issue of CREEPY. I saw my first CREEPY a couple of weeks ago. The first story I read by Doug Moench and Vincente Alcaraz, was horrible, macabre, gruesome, unrealistic, and disgusting. What an introduction to your magazine. I was so enjoyable.

I've shown CREEPY to a few of my friends. At first they were rather puzzled about my choice in literature. But on closer inspection they agreed that it is indeed a crazy piece of escapism.

DEZI RAY
Cape Town, S. Africa

Man this Budd Lewis is really trying for a Warren Award! I never particularly noticed him until the EERIE Daz special. Now I watch for his name in every Warren magazine.

"Holy War" had to be one of the most brilliantly written stories I've ever read. I usually don't like tales about medieval wars or God-worship, and was tempted to skip this one. I'm glad I didn't.

And Excerpts from the Year Five was another masterpiece! It absolutely astounds me how Lewis can write one story based on characterization and another based on adventure! I loved them both.

CHRIS PADOVANO
Sayreville, N.J.

I have just purchased and read CREEPY #67. I loved the story "Excerpts from the Year Five" and "Oil of Dog." The Ken Kelly cover was fantastic! Do you believe that it is the main reason I bought your magazine?

Now I shouldn't have chosen the book by its cover, because the cover promised a story that wasn't in the magazine. I am disappointed but still a loyal fan.

SONYA SHINGLETON
Orlando, Fla.

What's the big idea? First you thrill me to the bone with promises of a subtle, sensitive, heartwarming portrait of a boy and his thing. By Jan Strnad. I turn with anxious expectation to the color section, my heart flutter at the thought of reading once again a story by a man I consider one of the top talents in this or any field. A talent too long absent from the pages of your fine magazine.

And what do I get? Some ornithological piece of pulp by a writer no one's ever heard of. Who is this Elmer Allen Poe, anyway? I really can't stress too much the importance of not cheapening your publication by the use of rank amateur authors of elementary horror.

The only good thing about that strip was the excellent rendition of clouds. They're so real they almost seem like photographs. By all means have Rich Corben draw more clouds. Maybe you could have Jan Strnad write a story based on clouds. Now, where's Bowser? Here, boy!

JAN STRNAD
Wichita, Kan.

Bowser stepped out to his local hydrant-hangout. Jan, and never had it back is time for his magazine debut. He had to be replaced by Elmer's pet Haves.

Seriously though, Jan, the story "The Raven" was sent to our printer along with "Bowser" for CREEPY #67. We had planned to get a jump on this special Edgar Allan Poe issue by printing The Raven several months ahead of schedule. As noted on both cover and contents page "Bowser" was to appear in CREEPY #67, but at the last minute, the magazine bindery erroneously inserted "The Raven" into that issue instead. Rich Corben then had to draw up another Poe story for this issue to take the place of "The Raven."

If you'll excuse the pun, Bowser will make his bow at the coming month!

Excerpts from the Year Five presented an interesting possibility of things to come. But it was more love story than horror story despite the horrible atrocities pictured.

"The Haunted Abbey" and "The Happy Undertaker" were alright scripts, but "The Raven" the best story in the book, wasn't even supposed to be there.

"Holy War" had a good moral but it seemed familiar. It was almost exactly like the theme song from Billy Jack, "One Tin Soldier." But I did get the think wheels to turn.

"Oil of Dog" was amusing. A great change of pace piece to round out a fine issue of CREEPY.

BRUCE DANIEL
Powder Springs, Ga.

I am an old man of thirty-nine, who has been buying CREEPY, EERIE, and VAMPIRELLA since their first issues, and have enjoyed them very much. I never write letters to the editors. I leave it to the younger, more energetic fans. But in CREEPY #67, you featured a story that far exceeded anything ever before published in a horror magazine. I refer to "Holy War" by Budd Lewis and Adolfo Abel-Lan.

I have seen the movie Billy Jack many times and love the song "One Tin Soldier" as sung by Coven. I often wondered what the beautiful and tragic story portrayed in the song would look like graphically illustrated. And Warren did it! Beautiful! I know you changed some of the characters around and added a slightly different twist to the ending. But the story in the song was at there and it was splendid.

I had read only a few pages until I recognized the story and was even more thrilled by it. The words "Mount your horses! Draw your swords!" tipped me off, since they are directly from the song.

My hat's off to Warren and Lewis for this beautiful comic strip adaptation of a great favorite song. I wonder how many other fans recognized "One Tin Soldier"?

Now if you can only do American Pie" in graphics!

BOB SNOW, JR.
San Bernardino, Calif.

Funny you should mention that! Have you seen The new Butcher story in this month's EERIE? It's entitled "Bye Bye Miss American Dream."



Excerpts from the Year Five, and "Oil of Dog" were two tales that sparked reader enthusiasm. There seems to be plenty of room for both kinds of story in Warren magazines.

"Lewis rates a Warren Award"

Regarding Rich Corben's "Raven" —quoth the readers "We want more!"

DANIEL BAILEY
Stamps, Ariz

I like the idea of having controversial issues in comics, especially when they read like "Holy War." "Excerpts" from the "Year Five" and "Oil of Dog." It makes the stories more true-to-life and much more interesting.

TIM JOHNSON
Des Moines, Iowa

Where's "Bowser"?

Either "Bowser" was unaccountably lifted as the last minute of I have what may be the only copy of CREEPY #67 without it (in which case this copy must be worth thousands of dollars).

"The Raven" more than made up for the loss of "Bowser," however. It has to be the greatest story Rich Corben has ever illustrated. And that's saying a lot! For once he has drawn people who are in no way grotesque or cartoonish in appearance. And the color is almost photographic. Especially the last panel with clouds, tombstones and plenty of mood.

The only really pining note is the line, "So! You still won't talk eh..." I had expected it to be followed by something like "There are ways of making you talk!" But this is a minor complaint. It's still Corben's best unless "Bowser" is better.

Excerpts from the Year Five features some beautiful art by Jose Ortiz. In a mere three months he has become one of Warren Publishing's most dependable talents. He is one of the few artists who can successfully use straight black and white illustration with no shading of any kind. This technique requires superior knowledge of light and shadow, with no reliance on tonal values to cover mistakes.

The story itself might have been improved by the complete elimination of speech balloons. Even though there are eleven balloons, only two of them convey needed information. Still, a good story!

Luigi Montes is the wrong artist for "Oil of Dog." Such a story demands the Grand Guignol touch of Corben or Bernie Wrightson.

"Holy War" somehow lacked impact. Perhaps the similarity in theme to the song "One Tin Soldier" makes it less than original. And Adolfo Bellan's art didn't help matters at all.

BRIAN CADEN
Greenfield, Ohio

I had just bought CREEPY #67 and the very next day received my copy of CREEPY #1 in the mail. What a week end of enjoyable reading!

I read #1 first and found it so good that there wasn't much room for improvement. But you guys managed to make the few improvements that were necessary. CREEPY #67 was fantastic!

My favorite stories from both issues were found in the latter CREEPY, although they were all great. Such imaginations your writers have! Better hold on to each and every one of them.

"Excerpts" from the Year Five and "Oil of Dog" were the best of the lot. The Happy Undertaker was full of absolute horror. All had great endings and the art was fantastic. Keep up the good work. I'll look forward to being with you sixty-seven more issues from today!

KEMPER WHITE
North Branford, Conn

Just finished reading CREEPY #67 and thought that I'd add my own comments to the list.

Michael Oliveri made some valid points in his controversial letter debated in issue #67. But I'm inclined to agree with most readers that the Warren magazines should continue in the direction in which they are presently headed with thought-provoking horror.

I was not offended by "Holy War" even though I am Roman Catholic. There is nothing in it for me or any Catholic to be ashamed of. What Budd Lewis depicted was an all too abhorrently real look at Medieval Christianity. Those things did happen with no great exaggeration needed to make a violent story. We can't change the past, only learn from it as Mr. Lewis pointed out.

Overall, I think the best story in CREEPY #67 was "Excerpts from the Year Five." It was a beautiful and original tale. Maybe we are scared by homicidal maniacs more than headless horsemen. But how many of us will ever come in contact with either? However Mr. Lewis' foresight gives us a startling preview of true horror that might soon be at store for all of us. And all because of our own stupidity and carelessness. I, for one, was far more terrified by Excerpts from the Year Five than by a hundred homicidal maniacs.

BILL MARKS
St. Marys, Penn



Readers agreed that CREEPY #67 featured some of the best stories to appear in a Warren magazine. One favorite was Rich Corben's adaptation of Edgar Allan Poe's classic poem, "The Raven," a tale mistakenly inserted into the issue.

I have been an avid reader of CREEPY ever since I spotted #1 on a magazine rack quite a few years ago. Since then every single issue has been superb!

I give my most sincere thanks to every person who is involved with the production of this fantastic work of art. It has been the source of uncountable hours of enjoyment for me.

DAVID GLE
Council, Idaho

This issue's mind bender is Rich Corben's interpretation of that classic piece of poetry by a true master of the macabre, Edgar Allan Poe.

In "The Raven," Corben has surpassed everything he has previously done for Warren. He really outdid himself. But considering the story one can readily understand why.

I look forward to "Bowser" at a future date. All indicators point to fact that it was replaced, possibly inadvertently, at the last minute.

GARY KIMBER
Ontario, Canada

I only have one gripe concerning CREEPY #67. The cover story that was put together by Rich Corben and fellow Witchan (heh!) Jan Strnad seemed to have been bumped for "The Raven."

Now, don't get me wrong. I believe that "The Raven" will stand as one of Corben's greatest works. I am simply wondering what type of story it was that caused Strnad to break his period of isolation in the field of comic writing.

By the way, you buried my head with that extra page of Bernie Wrightson art on the inside back cover of CREEPY #67. My compliments to him on the fine color. It's nice to be given these extras every once in a while.



STEVE JOHN
Wichita, Kan

Production Manager Bill McHale is responsible for the excellent color on the inside cover pages of CREEPY. Steve.

As for Jan Strnad's "Bowser," well, it will be turning up shortly. Maybe when we run our "Raven" cover!

HELP UNCLE CREEPY MAKE HIS NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

The decisions he makes can be your own. Send letters to:

DEAR UNCLE CREEPY
c/o Warren Publishing Co
145 E. 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016



everything you always wanted to know...about the comics!

the story

OR: WHAT'S A NICE AUTHOR LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?

Have you ever wondered exactly what is involved in putting a comic magazine together? Or do you, like most readers, ignore the creative aspect of magazines, leaving that to the professionals and simply look upon them as another form of entertainment? If that's the case, you're missing an entire world of fun and excitement. A world into which we would like to introduce you—behind the scenes of the comics.

Most regular readers of comics can tell you step by step how their favorite strips are created. It usually begins with the writer, who sketches a visually exciting idea out of thin air, and creates a comic script. The script is passed on to an editor, who judges the story for content, pace and style, and assigns it to an artist to illustrate. The artist tells the

story in pictures, penciling panels onto large sheets of paper. From there, the pages are turned over to a letterer who inks in dialogue, captions and balloons. The artist then finishes his drawings in black India ink. A comic strip's last stop is the production department, where it undergoes final revisions and corrections before being published.

In the coming months we'll discuss in depth each creative step of the comics. This month's subject is the script. Next, we'll tackle lettering. Then art. And finally, we'll visit a production department and see exactly what goes on there. It should help every reader better understand as exciting and fun-filled media. It might even help aspiring young artists and writers. We hope you'll find it both interesting and enjoyable.

THE WRITER

The comic book story begins with the writer. It's his job to devise a storyline that is original, interestingly written and visually exciting. He presents his story idea to the editor in the form of a one-page plot outline. Once the plot has been reviewed and approved by the editor, the writer begins work on a finished script.

A script for comics varies only minutely from a movie script. It describes in detail what is required in each picture to be illustrated by the artist. It indicates dialogue and narration copy for both balloons and captions. It even indicates which words are to be emphasized, and how loudly or softly each character is to speak. In a sense, the script writer is like a movie director, controlling and moving every aspect of his story.

THE PLOT

Before the completed script is written, a story outline detailing the plot, action and page-by-page pacing is submitted to the editor. This is commonly (and erroneously) referred to by both writers and editors as the plot. It shows the editor, in as few words as possible, what the prospective story will be like. It also allows the editor to change or expand upon certain points in the story before it is written, thus saving the writer numerous changes in the finished script.

The submission of a plot first, also allows the editor to weed out undesirable storylines, without having to wade through waves of manuscripts to determine whether or not a story is suitable for his publications.

Most writers follow the same general guidelines when submitting plot outlines. They make sure that:

- Their prospective stories easily fit into the style of the magazine they are submitting to.
- The outline is no more than one typewritten page.
- The outline details each page of the story, with a description of action and pacing of no more than six lines per page.
- No more than three plot outlines are submitted to an editor at any given time.
- The name and address of the writer, the title of the story, the name of the magazine it is submitted to, as well as the artist it was written for, appear prominently at the top of each plot.

Once the editor has approved the plot, it is returned to the writer who immediately begins work on the finished script.

THE SCRIPT

A comic strip writer, besides being concerned with an imaginative and well-written story, must also be acutely aware of panel by panel continuity and pacing. Continuity involves the easy flow of the reader's eye and mind from caption to balloon to art to the following panel.

The script is a fleshed out version of the plot outline. It consists of panel breakdown, art description, dialogue and captions.

Within the framework of the script, the writer must make his characters come to life. Dialogue must be realistic, yet convey information necessary to the story's flow, as well as breathing personality into the character speaking.

Also, balloons and captions must contain a limited amount of words. Too much dialogue smothers the artwork and runs the risk of losing the reader's attention. Words and pictures should work together, not compete. Balloons and captions ideally should tell the reader things he can't see for himself in the storyline. It isn't always necessary to state "It was night," when stars peek brightly from behind a glancing harvest moon. An understanding of graphics is essential, since the writer sets his own stage. And unnecessary words should always be deleted when a picture works just as well.

Some common rules to which most writers adhere:

- Scripts are prepared in a mock comic page format, with panels, balloons and captions drawn in as they will appear on the finished page.
- Captions and balloons should contain no more than twenty-five words.
- Lead pages should feature three panels. One large, two small. All other pages in a story should contain no less than six panels.
- Story should open with a shock grabber, hooking the reader from the first page.
- Keep sentence structure simple. No run-on, complex or compound sentences.

Some common comic script taboos:

- Use no dialogue that is not acceptable in the public media, radio, television and newspapers.
- Avoid clichés in both dialogue and captions. Use fresh crisp, thought-provoking copy at all times.
- Avoid cliché stories with cliché, stereotyped characters and settings.
- Avoid sexual implications. Use common sense where sex is concerned in the comics.

After the writer puts together the finished script, based on all of the information above, he turns it over to the editor and has but one more duty to perform. He cashes his check.



An actual comic book page, as it undergoes transformation from plot (left) to script (center) to finished art (right)

I WAS SICK... SICK NEAR TO DEATH
AT THE HANDS OF THE SPANISH
INQUISITION IN TOLEDO!

BLACK ROBED JUDGES SAT BEFORE
ME! I WATCHED THEIR LIPS MOVE
SLOWLY TO SHAPE THE WORDS THAT
WOULD BE MY SENTENCE!

AND MY SENTENCE...
WAS DEATH!



IN THE
NAME OF
EVERYTHING
HOLY... THIS
CANNOT
BE!

IT IS
PURIFICATION
IN THE SIGHT OF
GOD... SO LET IT
BE DONE!

NO! THIS
CANNOT
BE!



EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM

THIS IS A
PERVERSION
OF GOD! A
MOCKER!



GETTING
DIZZY...
CAN'T STAND
WIND GOING
BLANK...
UHHH!

MY HEAD SPUN WILDEST AS THE
HARSH REALITY OF MY JUDGMENT
OVERTOOK ME, AND MY BODY FELT
AS IF IT WERE DESCENDING SLOWLY
INTO THE BLACKNESS OF HELL!



THEN
SILENCE
STILLNESS,
AND NIGHT
WERE MY
UNIVERSE!

I HAD PASSED OUT
IN THE WORLD OF
THE LIVING...

UHH...
WHERE
AM I--?



AND AWOKE IN A STRANGE
DARKNESS, NOT UNLIKE THAT
OF WHAT MUST BE DEATH!

MY MIND RACED WILDLY TRYING TO UNDER-
STAND MY FATE!



CAN'T
HEAR A SINGLE
SOUND EXCEPT
FOR THE FRANTIC
BEATING OF MY
OWN HEART!

THE ATMOSPHERE WAS INTOLERABLY CLOSE! A PAR-
ADOX, BUT THE EERIE EMPHATIC OPPRESSED AND STYLED ME!



THERE IS ONLY
ONE PLACE
LIKE THIS IN
EXISTENCE
THAT I KNOW
OF...

AND SOON, MY
SENSES AND
WIT CAME
ABOUT ME...
AND I KNEW.

THE WOODS FORMED
RELUCTANTLY,
BUT REALITY
COULD STILL NOT
BE DENIED!



...THE
DUNGEON OF
TOLEDO!



BUT... WHY SHOULD I BE SENT HERE?



UNLESS THE INQUISITION WAS A FAR MORE HORRIBLE FATE AWAITING ME!

VICTIMS ARE IN GREAT DEMAND FOR PUBLIC EXECUTION! SURELY I'D NOT BE SPARED FROM THAT ORDER!



YES... THAT **MUST** BE IT... A **SPECIAL** DEATH IS PLANNED FOR ME!



BUT IF ONLY I **KNEW** WHAT IT WAS!

NOT THAT, OF COURSE IT MADE MUCH DIFFERENCE FOR ANY WAY IT WAS **CUT**. I'D SOON BE **DEAD**!

I CONTINUED TO **EXPLORE** THE DIM CONFINES OF MY CELL! I WALKED NOT MORE THAN A **SCORE** OF PACES... BEFORE **SLIPPING** ON A SLICKLY-DAMP FLAGSTONE...



CAN'T MAINTAIN MY **BALANCE**!



FALLING--!



...A MOVEMENT THAT, BY SOME INTERVENTION OF FATE, HAD SAVED MY LIFE!

MY GOD!



ONLY **BLACK NOTHINGNESS** YAWNED BEFORE ME!

ANOTHER THREE STEPS... AND I WOULD HAVE TUMBLED HEAD-LONG INTO A **GAPING PIT**!

GROPPING ABOUT THE COLD, DAMP FLOOR...
I LIFTED A SMALL PIECE OF MASONRY...

HERE! A STONE
CHIP! I CAN USE
THIS!

...AND LET IT
FALL INTO
THE ABYSS!

FOR HANK NEAR-TIMELESS SECONDS, IT PLUNGED
THRU EMPTY AIR...UNTIL, AT LENGTH, IT STUCK AN OLEY
POOL OF STAGNANT WATER, WITH A HOLLOW, SILENT SOUND!

SO THAT'S THE
DESTINY I WAS
SUPPOSED TO
MEET...DEATH
IN THE PIT!

UNKNOWN TO ME, HOWEVER, MY TORMENT
WAS FAR FROM OVER! THE LIQUID WITHIN THE
PITCHER HAD BEEN DRUGGED BY THE INVADERS!

GOOD THING I
ESCAPED SO
GHASTLY A
FATE!

HOT AS HELL
DOWN HERE! AND
THAT CREEPY CALL
ON THE PRECIPICE
DIDN'T HELP
MATTERS!

NEED A COOL
DRINK OF WATER...
EVEN IF IT IS FLAT
AND TASTELESS!

BUT, I'M
SWEATING
LIKE THE
DEVIL!

...AND MY MIND SOON WENT
AS DARK AS MY SOLEND
SURROUNDINGS...

AND
THEN, I
AWOKE
FOR A
SECOND
TIME...

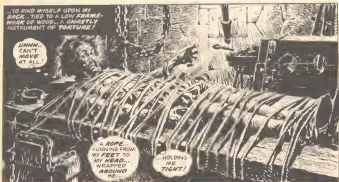


...TO FIND MYSELF UPON MY
BACK...TIED TO A LOW FRAME-
WORK OF WOOD...A GHASTLY
INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE!

UHHH..
CAN'T
MOVE
AT ALL!

A ROPE...
RUNNING FROM
MY FEET TO
MY HEAD...
WRAPPED
AROUND
ME...

HOLDING
ME
TIGHT!



FOR ALL I COULD REACH WAS A PLATE OF
HEAVILY-SALTED MEAT...TO INCREASE MY
THIRST WHILE WAITING FOR DEATH TO
CLAIM ME!

MY LEFT ARM IS
FREE... BUT FREE ONLY
TO FURTHER TORTURE
ME!



AND, IT
SEEMS, I WAS
NOT THE ONLY
ONE WITH
THIRSTS ON
THE FOOD!





LORD! I'VE
NEVER SEEN
SO MANY
HUNGRY
RATS AT
ONE TIME!

BUT THEN, THE GREATEST TERROR
OF ALL MADE ITS PRESENCE KNOWN
TO MY STUNNED SENSES!



I LOOKED
THROUGH THE
BLACK...AND THERE
ABOVE ME, WAS A
MASSIVE, BRASS
PENDULUM
AND...AND...



DEAR GOD!!
IT'S
STARTING
TO MOVE!

THE END
CLOSEST ME
TERMINATED IN A CRESCENT
OF GLITTERING STEEL...
ABOUT A FOOT
IN LENGTH
FROM HORN
TO HORN!

THE WAY IT
GLINTS IN THE
TORCHLIGHT! IT
MUST BE KEEN
AS A RAZOR!



THE
MONSTROUS
PENDULUM
HISSED THRU
THE AIR AS
IT SWEEP
OVER MY
BOUND
FORM!

WORST OF ALL...THE DEADLY
DEVICE LOWERED ITSELF INCH
BY LETHAL INCH AS IT SWUNG!

I CALLED TO HEAVEN THAT THE BLADE'S
DESCENT WOULD BE AMPIO. THAT SWIFT
DEATH WIGHT RELEASE ME FROM THIS
NERVE-NUMBING TORMENT!

DEAR GOD...IN
YOUR NAME, I
IMPLORE YOU!
MAKE MY PASSING
FAST AND
PAINLESS!

BUT MY PRAYERS
WENT UNANSWERED!

THEN, AS THE PENDULUM
VIBRATED TO AND FRO, A
SCANT FOOT ABOVE ME...AN
AWESOME CALM OVERTOOK
MY SENSES!

MY THOUGHTS DWELT
ENTIRELY UPON ESCAPE!
WHY SUBMIT SO CALMLY
TO DEATH?

PERHAPS
I CAN USE MY
LEFT ARM TO
HALF THE RAZOR
WHILE IN MID-
SWING?

BUT...NO! MY
ARM WOULD EITHER
BE BRUTALLY
GASHED...OR
TORN FROM ITS
SOCKET BY THE
MOMENTUM!

THERE
MUST BE
ANOTHER
WAY!

DESPERATION CLOSED IN ABOUT ME...AND WHEN
NONE HAD ALL BUT **EVAPORATED**, I ESPIED...



A **MAD PLAN** SUDDENLY
TOOK SHAPE!



LIKE A MAN **POSSESSED**... I GRABBED A CHUNK OF SALTED
MEAT AND RUBBED IT **VIGOROUSLY** AGAINST THE **ROPE**
THAT KEPT ME **LASHED** TO THE WOODEN BENCH!



FOR WHAT SEEMED TO BE
HOURS, I HAD NAMED MY
LEFT ARM IN ORDER TO
KEEP THE **RODENTS AWAY!**



NOW I WAS **INVITING** THE
VERMIN TO COME **CLOSER!**
AND THE **WARDEN** APPEARED
PUZZLED BY MY
BEHAVIOR...



...AND ONLY **WATCHED**
FROM **PROTECTIVE**
SHADOWS...



THEN, A BIG RAT, FINALLY OVER-
COME WITH HUNGER, MADE A
MINDLESS DASH FOR THE MEAT-
SCENTED ROPE!



IT WAS AS IF A SISAME HAD
BEEN GIVEN! THE OTHER
ANIMALS BLINDLY FOL-
LOWED THE FIRST... AND
STARTED TO CRAWL
SAVAGELY AT THE MEAT
UPON MY SINGLE BOND!



THEY CLUNG TO THE WOOD... THEY OVER-RAN IT. THEY LEAPED
IN DOZENS ONTO MY BODY!

THEIR STENCH
IS TERRIBLE... BUT
I MUST NOT WHIM!
MUSTN'T EVEN
DARE TO
BREATHE!

THE SCIMITAR-LIKE BLADE CUT A THIN
SLASH INTO MY CHEST... AND FIERY PAIN
SHOT THRU EVERY NERVE!



JUST A LITTLE
LONGER NOW...
AARRGH!



AND WHILE I BLED FROM A WICKED
SLICE, THE RATS PERSISTED WITH
THEIR INSANE FEEDING FRENZY!



THIS IS IT!
I'LL FIGHT THEM
AND PERHAPS, AT
LEAST, DIE LIKE
A MAN!

BUT INSTEAD OF THE
SPANISH MONKS I
FEARED IT WAS
GENERAL LASALLE
ENEMY OF THE
INQUISITION! THE
FRENCH ARMY HAD
DEFEATED THE
FORCES OF TOLEDO
IN HEATED BATTLE!

THE INQUISITION
WAS OVER THE
BLOODBATH WAS
BEHIND US!

YES... FREE... BUT
STILL IN THE HANDS
OF THE INQUISITION!
I WATCHED AS DOORS
WERE THROWN BACK
AND PREPARED TO
GREET MY
TORMENTORS!



AND I WAS SAFE FROM
THE HORRORS OF THE
PEEP PIV AND ITS
SLASHING PENDULUM!
THE NIGHTMARE WAS
THANK GOD, AT AN
END

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S PREMATURE BURIAL

DARKNESS. GENTLE BREEZES STIRRING
VELVET DRAPERIES. THE SLOW, STEADY
TICKING OF THE CLOCK. EACH BEAT
LINGERS IN THE AIR, AWAITING THE
INEVITABILITY OF THE NEXT.

LIGHT. THE ORANGE-RED CRACKLING
OF THE FIRE, FLEADING DESPERATELY
FOR LIFE, BEFORE SETTLING INTO
CHARRED, COLORLESS ASHES.

THERE IS *QUALITY* HERE. LIGHT
AND DARKNESS. LIFE AND DEATH.
AND SOMEWHERE IS A POINT
WHERE THE TWO MERGE, WHERE
DEATH OFFERS NO PROMISE
BEYOND ITSELF, AND LIFE WILL
DENY EVEN *THAT* MYSTERY.
THAT IS THE POINT OF TRUE
DESPAIR.

THAT IS THE POINT OF
LIVING DEATH.





SINCE CHILDHOOD, I HAVE SUFFERED FROM CATAPLEXY... PERIODIC SEIZURES WHICH LEAVE MY BODY IN A COLD CATATONIC STATE...!



THE MUSCLES BECOME PARALYZED NOT THE SLIGHTEST SEIZURE OR ODTURY CAN I MAKE. I AM, BY ALL MEDICAL STANDARDS, DEAD.

BUT MY MIND IS EVER AWAKE... EVER AWAKE!



THE SEIZURES MAY LAST FOR MINUTES, OR THEY MAY LAST FOR DAYS EACH TIME THEY COME UPON ME, I PAIN...

...THAT WHOEVER FINDS ME WILL KNOW OF MY CONDITION... AND WILL NOT BURY ME ALIVE!



I AM CALLED MURDER BY SOME, AND BY OTHERS, BUT NOW THAT YOU KNOW THE TERRIBLE CURSE I LIVE UNDER, IS IT ANY WONDER I AM OBSESSED WITH THE FEAR OF A PREMATURE BURIAL?



AAARRGH!

A FEAR THAT HAUNTS BOTH MY WAKING AND MY SLEEPING HOURS!



JOHN? JOHN, WHAT IS IT? THE NIGHTMARE AGAIN?

YES, SUSAN, IT'S LIKE SOME SORT OF OMEN... WARNING ME NIGHT AFTER NIGHT OF THE FATE THAT AWAITS ME!



DON'T YOU THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME WE CALLED IN DR. ROBERTS? I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT DOCTORS, BUT YOU CAN'T GO ON TORTURING YOURSELF THIS WAY!

I-I'LL BE ALL RIGHT...

INWARDLY, I KNEW SUSAN WAS RIGHT... I SHOULD SEE A DOCTOR, YET I DIDN'T DARE. PERHAPS I WAS AFRAID OF WHAT HE WOULD TELL ME...

...AFRAID I WOULD BE JUDGED INSANE.

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED,
MY THOUGHTS Grew INCREASINGLY
MORE CHAOTIC...!

I TRIED TO REPRESS THEM
THROUGH SOCIAL INTERCOURSE...
CHATting WITH FRIENDS I HAD
LONG IGNORED...!

BUT FEARS AS
DEEP AS DARK
AS MY OWN ARE
NOT EASILY
REPPRESSED...

...NOR EXPLAINED!

I CANNOT TELL SUSAN, NOR MY
FRIENDS, OF THE THOUGHTS
THAT GNAW AT MY MIND, FOR
THEY ARE BEYOND THEIR SCOPE
OF EXPERIENCE...

...LIKE TRYING TO EXPLAIN
COLOR TO THE BLIND!

BUT AS THE NIGHT DREW ON, I
WAS UNABLE TO CONCENTRATE
ANY LONGER ON THEIR PETTY
SOCIAL BABBLING. I HAD TO
SPEAK...!

CAN'T YOU
IMAGINE
WHAT IT'S LIKE...
BOUND BY THE
THRAPPINGS OF
DEATH, YET
UNABLE TO KNOW
ITS PEACE...

...LYING BENEATH
SIX FEET OF DIRT
AND FILTH...
SUFFOCATING
CLAWING AT THE
LID OF A PINE
PRISON!

I-I'M SORRY...
I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
WHAT'S COME
OVER ME!

IT'S ALL RIGHT,
DARLING! PERHAPS
YOU'D BETTER LIE
DOWN AND GET
SOME REST...

I'D BETTER BE
GONE. STILL,
I THINK IT'D BE
WISE IF YOU
CONSULTED A
DOCTOR ABOUT
THIS CONDITION,
JOHN.

IT DIDN'T BOTHER ME THAT
I WAS ALONE, I WAS USED
TO THAT.

BUT IT AGGRAVATED ME FOR
SUSAN'S SAKE.

FOR HER LOVE
IS THE ONLY
THING THAT
KEEPS ME
FROM GOING
COMPLETELY
MAD.



MY THOUGHTS
GREW DARKER,
AND TANGLED
WITH EACH
PASSING DAY.
THE NIGHTMARES
INCREASED IN
FREQUENCY AND
INTENSITY...

MY OWN INTENSITY
BECAME A SORT OF
PRIMATE ANIMAL!

I DWELT PHYSICALLY IN THE
REALM OF THE LIVING, BUT
MY THOUGHTS PROBED ONLY
THE BOUNDARIES OF THE
GRAVE...

THERE WERE TIMES WHEN
THE FANTASIES BECAME
SO VIVID, I COULD NOT
DISTINGUISH THEM FROM
WHAT WAS ACTUALLY
AROUND ME...

THERE WERE TIMES
TWO WHEN I HEARD THE
DEATH *SPEAK!*

NO, DEATH! I
WILL NOT FOLLOW
YOU... FOR I KNOW
WHAT YOU ARE
PLANNING...

TO TAKE ME *HALFWAY*
BETWEEN YOUR WORLD
AND MINE... AND
DESERT ME!

HAVEN'T YOU
PRESUMPTUOUS
MORTALS LEARNED
YET...?

...NOT ONE OF YOU WAS THE
POWER TO *ENJOY* DEATH! WHEN
I *CHANGEMIND* YOU, THERE IS
ONLY ONE THING YOU MAY DO...

...TRUST
ME!



MY SENSES WERE AFLAME
WITH SIGHTS, SOUNDS, SMELLS
THAT WERE FOUL AND FILTHY...

MY HEAD TWISTED WITH A
PAIN ALMOST BEYOND
HUMAN ENDURANCE UNTIL
I SPORE MY BRAIN
WOULD BURST FORTH
FROM THE SKULL...

MY STOMACH WAS KNOTTED
TIGHTER THAN EVER BEFORE...

...AND ONCE AGAIN...
DEATH SPARKS...

SEE IT THEN...
SEE WHAT YOU
WASTE YOUR
PRECIOUS HOURS
CONTEMPLATING!

IS THIS THE WORLD
YOU WOULD CHOOSE
MORTAL? YOU WHO
HAVE BEEN GRANTED
THE GREATEST
BLESSING OF ALL...
LIFE!

I HAD TO FIND A WAY TO
END THIS MADNESS
LEST I SHOULD BE
TRAPPED FOREVER
ON THE WRONG SIDE
OF REALITY!

SO I ENDED
IT THE ONLY
WAY I KNEW
HOW...

I SCREAMED!

HOW LONG AFTERWOOD
I LAY THERE
UNCONSCIOUS, I COULD
NOT BE CERTAIN...



JOHN?

IT WAS THE
NIGHTMARE
AGAIN WASN'T
IT, JOHN?



NO, NOT
THE SAME!
DIFFERENT!
WORSE!
FAR WORSE!

YOU LOOKED SO
COLD AND PALE...!
FOR A MOMENT, I
WAS AFRAID YOU
WERE--



OH, JOHN...
I LOVE YOU...



MASTER
JOHN, I HAVE
SOMETHING
I WISH TO
SHOW YOU!



WHAT
IS IT
ROGERS?

SOMETHING WHICH
I HOPE WILL SET
YOUR MIND AT EASE
A BIT, SIR. IT'S A
COFFIN!



A
COFFIN?

A VERY
SPECIAL
ONE, SIR!



YOU SEE, IN THE
EVENT THAT YOU
SHOULD BE BURIED
PREMATURELY
YOU HAVE ONLY TO
PULL THIS ROPE
WITHIN THE
COFFIN ITSELF...

WHICH WILL
RING THIS
ALARM
OUTSIDE THE
CRYPT?



WHEN IT RINGS
MISTRESS SUSAN
OR MYSELF WILL
COME RUNNING
IMMEDIATELY!

YOU NEEDN'T
FEAR BEING
TRAPPED ALIVE
IN THE GRAVE
AGAIN!

THE BUTLER'S DEVICE
DID INDEED COMFORT
ME FOR SEVERAL
WEEKS THEREAFTER.
MY NERVES CALMED
CONSIDERABLY AND
MY THOUGHTS TURNED
TO MORE PLEASANT
THINGS.



AND WHEN I
AWAKENED,
THERE WAS
BLACKNESS
ALL AROUND
ME.



AND SILENCE!

I REACHED
OUT TO TOUCH
THE BLACKNESS...



IT WAS
SOLID.

IN FACT, IT FELT
A LOT LIKE WOOD.



I TRIED TO REMAIN CALM... TO REMEMBER THESE
FINAL MOMENTS BEFORE *BLACKNESS* OVERTOOK ME...

BUT ONLY ONE THOUGHT COULD I RETAIN.

EVEN KNOWING THE CURSE I LIVED UNDER,
THEY WENT AHEAD AND *BURIED ME ALIVE!*

THE GODDAMN *FOOLS!*

THE *ROPE!* WHERE
WAS THE *ROPE* THAT
ROGERS HAD *MADE*
FOR ME? MY FINGERS
SEARCHED THE
DARKNESS, BUT NO
TRACE OF IT COULD
I FIND.

VAGUELY I REMEMBERED
WALKING THROUGH A DISTANT
PART OF TOWN JUST BEFORE
THE *SEIZURE* WRACKED MY
BODY...!

AND WITH THAT REMEMBRANCE, CAME THE
KNOWLEDGE... THE TERRIFYING KNOWLEDGE...

... THAT I WAS
NOT BURIED IN
MY OWN COFFIN!

THE HORROR OF IT
OVERWHELMED
ME. I SCREAMED!

AND FROM SOMEWHERE
ABOVE ME, THE SCREAM
WAS ANSWERED BY A
RAY OF LIGHT!



WHAT SEEMS TO BE
THE PROBLEM NOW,
MATE? RATS IN THE
HOLD? ARE THERE?

WHIMMO
ARE
YOU?



CAPTAIN KLANG'S ME
MINE! WE DOCKED
LAST NIGHT, AND
STARTED TO UNLOAD
WHEN WE SPOTTED
YE LAYIN' NEAR THE
WHARFS!

AYE!
THERE WAS A STORM
BREWIN' SO WE PUT
YOU DOWN HERE IN
THE HOLD!

I-THEN THIS IS
A SHIP... NOT
A COFFIN!

INVOLUNTARILY I HEAVED A SIGH OF RELIEF, AND
I SEEMED YEARS OF TENSION AND FEAR BANNED
FROM MY BODY.

NOW I HAD CONFRONTED DEATH
TWICE ONCE IN MY OWN MIND...

...AND NOW AGAIN... IN A VERY REAL,
VERY PHYSICAL SENSE! AND BOTH
TIMES I HAD SURVIVED!



IT'S OVER, SUSAN.
I KNOW LONGER
FEEL AFRAID
TO LIVE...!

THEN KEEP QUIET
AND DO IT! VENICE
IS THE CITY OF
ROMANCE AND I
DON'T WANT TO
WASTE IT BY
TALKING!

DREAMING I KNOW
I WOULD NEVER FEAR
THE SHIP... OR DEATH
AGAIN!

UNCLE CREEPY



COLISTIN ERIE



WARREN POSTERS



FREE
 POSTAGE
 Given to
 anyone
 who has
 problems
 with
 MENTAL
 MAGAZINE
 for
 your
 life can
 save a
 life
 every
 day
 for
 everyone
 every
 day
 every
 day



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EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

*DURING THE WHOLE OF A DULL, DARK DAY IN THE
AUTUMN OF THE YEAR... WHEN THE CLOUDS HUNG
OPPRESSIVELY LOW IN THE HEAVENS... I HAD BEEN
PASSING ALONE ON HORSEBACK THRU A
SINGULARLY DREARY TRACT OF COUNTRY...*

*...AND AT LENGTH FOUND MYSELF AS THE
SHADOWS OF EVENING DREW ON WITHIN
VIEW OF THE MELANCHOLY HOUSE OF USHER!*

*I LOOKED UPON THE SCENE BEFORE ME... UPON THE
OLD AND GREY RAMBLING MANOR... UPON THE
BREAK WALLS AND WAGANT EYE-LIKE WINDOWS
UPON A FEW BARK HEDGES... AND UPON SPARSE
WHITE TRUNKS OF DECAYED TREES!*



*A SENSE OF UTTER DEPRESSION
ASSAILED MY SOUL... WHICH I
COULD NOT EXPLAIN RATIONALLY!*

*BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THE HOUSE OF
USHER THAT BOTH SHOOKEN MY HEART AND
UNNERVED ME!*

HAVEN'T SEEN
RODERICK USHER
FOR YEARS. IT'S TOO
BAD THIS IS AN
EMERGENCY...
INSTEAD OF A
SOCIAL CALL!



IN TRUTH HIS
SISTER WAS
SLOWLY DYING,
AND BECAUSE OF THIS,
MY FRIEND WAS SUFFERING
A SLIGHT MENTAL DISORDER.
OR SO HIS LETTER SAID.

I WAS HIS ONLY PERSONAL FRIEND... AND THEREFORE
FOUND IT INCUMBERT UPON MYSELF TO ALLEVIATE
THAT WHICH BOTHERED, OR SHOULD I SAY HAUNTED,
HIM SO DEARLY.



AT LENGTH, I REACHED
MY DESTINATION!



A SERVANT TOOK MY
HORSE... AND A VALET
THENCE CONDUCTED
ME, IN SILENCE, THRU
MANY DARK AND
IMMOVABLE
PASSAGES TO THE
STUDIO OF HIS
MASTER!

THAT'S ODD. USHER'S GOING
OUT OF HIS WAY TO BE FRIENDLY,
AS IF HE DESPERATELY REQUIRES
MY COMPANY!

THANK YOU, RODERICK. I CAME
AS QUICKLY AS I
COULD!

WELL HELLO!
YOU'RE LOOKING
VERY, VERY
WELL!



CAN'T QUITE PLACE IT, BUT
THIS ISN'T THE SAME PERSON I
KNEW AS A BOYHOOD COMRADE!
AND IT WAS MORE THAN JUST A
PHYSICAL CHANGE...



HIS SKIN HAD A GHOSTLY PALLOR... WITH
A WILD LOOK ABOUT THE EYES... AND
HIS LONGISH HAIR FLOATED
RATHER THAN FELL ABOUT THE FACE!

BUT THIS MAN SEEMED AS DISHEVELED
WITHIN AS HE WAS WITHOUT!

AND INDEXED WHILE WE TALKED, MY OLD FRIEND ADMITTED A HEAVY BLOOM OF DESPAIR HAD RECENTLY CEASED HIS SOUL....!

DUH ENTIRELY TO THE FACT THAT DEATH IS WAITING TO CLAIM MY SICKLY SISTER, MADELINE!

SHE WANTS SO TO LIVE... BUT SHE WILL NOT!

STRANGE IT WAS, BUT NO SOONER HAD HE MENTIONED HER NAME THAN DID I CATCH SIGHT OF HER...

...BUT IT WAS ONLY FOR A MOMENT!

AND I SAW HER NOT ONCE MORE UNTIL THAT FATEFUL NIGHT!

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, I DID MY VERY BEST TO RESCUE USHER FROM HIS MAD DEPRESSION!

WE PAINTED AND RODE TOGETHER - AND I LISTENED MUCH TO HIS FLIGHTS OF FANCY!

BUT IT WAS FOR NAUGHT!

ALL MY ATTEMPTS TO CHEER HIM ARE FUTILE! IT'S AS THOUGH A CONSTANT STREAM OF SORROW IS POURING FROM EVERY CORNER OF HIS SOUL!

THEN, ONE NIGHT THE MOMENT USHER FEARED MOST... FINALLY HAPPENED!

RODERICK WHAT IS IT?

MADELINE IS... DEAD!

AT LONG LAST! CRUEL THOUGH IT MAY SEEM, I WAS HAPPY FOR RODERICK NOW HE COULD KNOW 'PEACE'!

I WAS MORE THAN **HAPPY** TO HELP PREPARE HER BODY FOR THE FRANKY V. VAULT!



SHE WAS SO
YOUNG, MY FRIEND!
SO... VITAL!
— UNTIL SHE WAS
SO FATAALLY
STRICKEN!

I HEARD USHER CRY AND PLACED A COMFORTING
ARM ABOUT HIS **SHOULDER**!



BEFORE WE
LEAVE THE BASEMENT,
I NEED YOUR **HELP**
TO SECURE THE
CRYPT!

GLADLY!

TOGETHER, WE
PUSHED THE
WRENCH **IRON**
DOOR SHUT...
CAUSING IT TO
GRATE ON **RED-
RUSTED** HINGES!

LIFE
ISN'T
FAIR,
RODERICK!
YET SHE
LOOKS
SO
WARM...



... STILL
SO VERY
MUCH
ALIVE!



NO,
LIFE
ISN'T **FAIR**
AT ALL!



BUT IF I EXPECTED **RODERICK** TO **RECOVER**, I WAS
SADLY **MISTAKEN!**



I THOUGHT USHER WAS **BAD BEFORE**...
BUT HE'S EVEN **WORSE NOW!** HE KEEPS
WALKING AROUND **TALKING** TO
HIMSELF LIKE A MAN
POSSESSED!

NOT ONLY **THAT**, BUT HIS
SKIN IS TURNING EVEN MORE
PALE... AND THE **LUSTER**
HAS LEFT HIS EYES!



IF I DIDN'T **KNOW** BETTER...
I'D SAY HE WAS **STRUGGLING**
WITH SOME DEEP DARK
SECRET, A SECRET THAT'S
SLOWLY DRIVING HIM
MAD!



IT WAS ON THE **SEVENTH** NIGHT AFTER **MADLINE** HAD BEEN LAID TO REST THAT I DISCOVERED MY OWN **UNEASINESS!**



.. AND NEITHER IS MY OWN ROOM! THIS **BLACK** OAK FLOOR AND THE **TATTERED** DRAPERIES ARE ENOUGH TO DEPRESS EVEN THE **DEAD!**



IT WAS **RODERICK!**



BUT, I CAN'T PUT ALL THE BLAME ON USHER THAT **STORM** OUTSIDE ISN'T **HELPING** ANY...



AFTER **ABANDONING** ALL HOPE OF FALLING ASLEEP, I GOT DRESSED... AND **RESTLESSLY** PACED THE CONFINES OF MY ROOM...



...BUT, **MOREOVER**, THERE WAS AN **INSANE** **WILDERY** IN HIS EYES!



HE SPoke TO ME. ONLY
SO SHORT WORDS!

YOU HAVE NOT
THEN SEEN IT?

BEFORE I COULD EVEN
REPLY, LINDA THREW A
WINDOW FRAMED OPEN
TO THE WILD TEMPEST
WITHOUT!

THAT WIND
CAN BARELY STAY
ON MY FEET!

BUT, MORE IMPORTANT SOMETHING
HAPPENED TO MY FRIEND!

WHEN I
DROVE INTO A
SEMI-TRANCE...
JUST STARRING AT
THE LIGHTNING...
LISTENING TO
THE THUNDER...

I'D BETTER
SHUT HIM OUT
OF IT!

I TRIED TO DISTRACT GOODRICK
FROM THE BADING WEATHER BY
READING ONE OF HIS FAVORITE
BOOKS TO HIM...

BUT MY FRIEND'S THOUGHTS WERE
NOT ON BOOKS!

RODERICK / RODERIK... CAN YOU HEAR ME?

STRANGE... HE SEEMS TO BE LISTENING TO THE SOUNDS OF A DISTANT PLACE!

RODERICK ROCKED SLOWLY BACK AND FORTH IN HIS CHAIR, OBVIOUS TO MY WORDS... AND AS HE DID SO HE MUTTERED...

NOW... HEAR IT? YES... I HEAR IT... AND HAVE HEARD IT... LONG HAVE I HEARD IT... MANY MINUTES... MANY HOURS... EVEN DAYS!

OH, PITY ME, MISERABLE WHITCH THAT I AM! I DARED NOT SPEAK OF IT!

USHER, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

QUITE SIMPLY, MY FRIEND! THAT... WE HAVE PUT MY SISTER IN THE TOMB **ALIVE!**

PERHAPS RODERIK WAS RIGHT! MADELINE COULD HAVE BEEN IN SOME SORT OF CATALEPTIC SLEEP... AND INTERRED WHILE YET STILL LIVING!

I THOUGHT IT BEST NOT TO TAKE ANY CHANCES!

COME LET'S GO DOWN TO THE VAULT AND CHECK ON YOUR SISTER'S CONDITION JUST TO MAKE SURE!

SUDDENLY HE LEAPED UP LIKE A MADMAN AND POINTED TO THE DOOR!

IT IS TOO LATE FOR THAT, I TELL YOU! FOR SHE NOW STANDS IN THE HALL, RIGHT OUTSIDE THIS VERY ROOM!



I WAS TERRIFIED
BEYOND WORDS!



FOR, AS IF ON CUE, THE
DOOR FLEW BACK TO REVEAL
THE LOFTY AND SHROUDED
FIGURE OF THE LADY
MADELINE!



SHE STAGGERED
INTO THE ROOM
MOANING... AND
COLLAPSED IN THE
ARMS OF RODERICK
USHER!

TOGETHER,
THEY FELL UPON
THE CARPET...
DEAD! SHE
DROVE
FROM
EXPOSURE AND
STARVATION.



...HE FROM A
HEARTY ATTACK
OVER HIS MOST-
FEARED HORROR
REALIZED!

MYSELF! WITHOUT THINKING,
I FLED AHBAST FROM THAT
HOUSE OF TERROR! AND AS
I RAN, THE STORM AT REACHED
ITS ZENITH OF TURMOIL!



CAN HARDLY
RUN IN THIS
BLINDING
RAIN!

THIS NIGHT WAS
NATURE IN
UNBALANCE!

LIGHTNING STRUCK:
ONE OF THE
TURRETS BEHIND
ME... AND AS I
TURNED...



...I WITNESSED BRICK AND MORTAR COME
TUMBLING DOWN IN TOTAL RUIN! AS IF
THE FINAL CRESCENDO IN A SYMPHONY OF
TERROR!



YES, I WAS THERE AND I
ALONE CAN TELL YOU
ALL ABOUT...

...THE FALL OF THE
HOUSE OF USHER!

PROLOGUE





THE CANTERBURY INTO WHICH MY WILLET HAD
VENTURED TO MAKE APOLOGETIC ENTRENCH,
EITHER THAN PERMIT ME, IN MY
RESPECTABLELY INDOLENT CONDITION,
TO PASS A NIGHT IN THE COWLED OPEN
AIR...

...WAS ONE OF THOSE JUBILEAN
CONSTITUTIONS INHERITED BY EDGAR
AND STATEDLY GRANDPARENTS, TO
ALL APPEARANCES IT WAS
VERY RECENTLY ABANDONED.

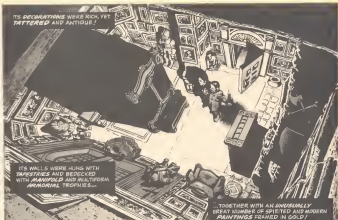
EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

THE OVAL PORTRAIT



WE THEN ESTABLISHED
OURSELVES, UPON ENTERING,
IN ONE OF THE SMALLEST
AND LEAST SUMPTUOUSLY
FURNISHED APARTMENTS!

IT LAY IN A REMOTE
TOWER OF THE
BUILDING!



AFTER DOING THAT, PEDRO
QUIT THE CHAIRMAN AND
RETIRED FOR THE EVENING!

SETTING UP, UNSLEEPY AND
RESTLESS, I MOVED
THE CANDELABRUM TO
AGAIN VIEW THE PAINTING!

THE FLICKERING
RAYS ILLUMINATED
A DARKER NICK
I HAD NOT BEFORE
SEEN...

REVEALING A GODDESS CONTAINED IN AN
OVAL PORTRAIT!

MYSELF, I
COULD NOT
SLEEP!

I CLOSED MY EYES!
IT WAS AN IMPULSIVE
MOVEMENT TO GAIN TIME
FOR THOUGHT... TO MAKE
SURE MY VISION HAD NOT
DECEIVED ME...

...TO CALM AND SUBDUCE
MY FANCY FOR A MORE
SOBER AND CERTAIN GAZE!

IN A VERY FEW MINUTES, I AGAIN LOOKED FIXEDLY
AT THE PAINTING! THE PORTRAIT WAS THAT OF
A RADIANT YOUNG GIRL!

AS A THING OF ART NOTHING COULD BE MORE
 APPROPRIATE THAN THE PAINTING ITSELF!

BUT IT COULD HAVE BEEN *ANYTHING* THE EXECUTION
 OF THE WORK... NOR THE IMMORTAL BEAUTY OF THE
 COUNTENANCE... WHICH HAD SO REMOVEDLY AND
 EMOTIONALLY MOVED ME!



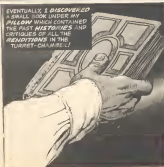
CONTEMPLATING THE SENSE-STAGGERING BEAUTY,
 I REMAINED FOR PERHAPS AN HOUR, HALF-SITTING
 AT TIMES, OR ELSE HALF-RECLINING!



AND SUDDENLY I KNEW WHAT EXCITED ME SO!
 THE WORK OF ART APPEARED TO BE A REAL, ACTUAL
 FACE OF A FAIR-HAIRED MAIDEN!



EVENTUALLY I DISCOVERED
 A SMALL ROOM UNDER MY
 PALLOM WHICH CONTAINED
 THE PAST HISTORIES AND
 CRITIQUES OF ALL THE
 REMOVEDNESS IN THE
 TURRET-CHAISE!!



TURNING TO THE PAGE THAT HAD INFORMATION
 CONCERNING THE OWN PORTRAIT, I THERE
 READ A STORY ENTWINED WITH ELEMENTS
 OF BOTH LOVE AND HORROR!!



SHE WAS A WENCH OF BARBICUT BEAUTY
AND NOT MORE LOVELY THAN FULL OF
GLUFF!

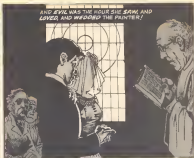


...SHE A MAIDEN, ALL LIGHT AND SMILES,
AND FROLICKSOME AS THE YOUNG FAWN...

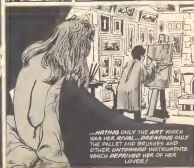
...LOVING AND CHERISHING ALL THINGS...
ESPECIALLY HER BELOVED HUSBAND...



AND LOVE WAS THE HOUR SHE SAW
AND LOVED AND INSPIRED THE PAINTER!



HE, PASSIONATE, STURDIOUS, MYSTIC...
AND ALREADY HAVING A SHOE IN HIS
ART...



...ARTING ONLY THE ART WHICH
WAS HER STYLE... DREADING ONLY
THE PALETTE AND BRUSHES AND
OTHER UNWOMANLY INSTRUMENTS
WHICH REMIND HER OF HER
LOVER!

IT WAS A TERRIBLE THING
FOR THE LADY TO HEAR THE
PUNTER SPEAK OF HIS
DESIRE TO PORTRAY EVEN
HIS YOUNG BRIDE!



BUT SHE WAS HUMBLE
AND OBEYANT, AND SAT
READY FOR MANY
HOURS IN THE DARK,
NIGHT-TARGETED
CAMERA...



...WHERE THE LIGHT DRIPPED UPON THE
PALE CANVAS ONLY FROM HIGH OVER-
HEADS, WHICH WENT ON FROM HOUR
TO HOUR AND FROM DAY TO DAY!



HE WAS A WILD AND HOODY MAN, WHO
BECAME LOST IN REVERIES...

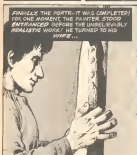


...SO THAT HE *WOULD* NOT SEE THAT THE
GHOSTLY LIGHT WHICH FELL SO HARSH
IN THAT DAMP AND CHILLY ROOM,
WITHERED THE HEALTH AND SPIRITS
OF HIS WILLING MATE!



YET, THE LASS SAILED ON, EXPLAINING
SINCE SHE KNEW HER HUSBAND EXTRACTED
MUCH PLEASURE IN HIS CREATIVE TASK!







EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

MS. FOUND IN A BOTTLE!



AFTER MANY MONTHS OF FOREIGN TRAVEL,
I SAILED FROM THE PORT OF GUAYAMA...
IN THE HIGH AND POPULOUS ISLAND OF
JAMAICA...ON A VOYAGE TO THE ARCHIPELAGO
ISLANDS!

I WENT AS A PASSENGER...HAYING
NO OTHER MOTIVATION THAN A KIND
OF NERVOUS APPREHENSION WHICH
HAUNTED ME AS A FREAK!

OUR VESSEL, THE ROSEBUD, WAS A
BEAUTIFUL, COPPER-PAINTED
SHIP OF ABOUT 400 TONS! SHE WAS
FURNISHED WITH GOODS, WOOL,
AND OIL.

YET, VALUED ABOVE ALL THIS OUR CARGO
OF DRUGS...A RICHLY PROFITABLE
COMMODITY...AND A HIGHLY ILLEGAL
ONE!



WE'D BEEN ASSESS BUT A FEW BELLS WHEN
STRAININGLY AND OF A SUDDEN, THE WORLD
ABOUT US **DIED!**

THE AIR BECAME INTOLERABLY HOT...AND BY
RETRIAL, EVERY BREATH OF **AIR** HAD GONE
AWAY!

AND SOON, AN OMINOUS BLACK CLOUD APPEARED
ABOVE AND QUICKLY SPREAD WESTWARD, COVERING
THE VAST STRETCH OF HORIZON!



WERE THIS NOT ENOUGH, MY ATTENTION
WAS SOON AFTER ATTRACTED
BY A SOFT **GUNNY-RED** APPEARANCE
OF THE **MOON!**



THUS I **SETTLED** TO MY QUARTERS!
UNEASINESS, HOWEVER, PREVENTED
ME FROM **SLEEPING**...



FOR SOME INTANGIBLE REASON, I
WAS MOST CONCERNED ABOUT THIS
UNUSUAL **WHEATFREW!** SOME **MAN**
SEAN WARNED ME THAT ALL THIS
NOT AHEAD! AND THE CAPTAIN
LISTENED INTENTLY TO MY FEARS...



BUT CLAIMED THEM
FOUNDLESS, AND
TURNED HIS BACK ON ME
WITHOUT **REPLY!**



...AND AT
ABOUT
MIDNIGHT,
I RETURNED
TO THE
DECK!

SUDDENLY THERE WAS A LOUD
ROARING NOISE... AND I FELT
THE SHIP SHIVER TO ITS VERY
CORE!

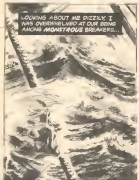


THEN, IN THE NEXT INSTANT, A
WILDERNESS OF CRACKING SOUND
WAS UPON US... JOHANNAS ROSE
AND APT. SMITH WERE THE ONLY
FROM 3 TEAM TO SURVIVE!

BY WHAT MIRACLE I ESCAPED
DESTRUCTION, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE
TO SAY! WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY
I STOOD MY GROUND...



LOOKING ABOUT ME DIZZILY I
WAS OVERWHELMED AT OUR SITUATION
AMONG AGONYING BREAKERS...



AFTER A WHILE, I BECAME
ACQUAINTED TO THE DRUM-
MING... CAN GET USED TO
HELL... AND I HEARD THE
VOICE OF AN OLD JEWESS,
ONE OF THE MATRONS. SHE
TWO WERE APPARENTLY THE
ONLY SURVIVORS OF THE
HOLocaust!



...IN SEE BEYOND EVEN THE FLEETEST IMAGINING
OF A SHIPWRECK! IT WAS A VAST, UN-
POSSIBLE OCEAN OF MOUNTAINOUS AND AGONYING
WATER IN WHICH WE WERE ENGULFED!

EVERYONE ELSE HAD BEEN SWIFT
OVERBOARD... OR WAS UTTERLY
CRUSHED FROM THE BONE-SHATTERING
RAGE OF THE SEA!



IT HAD BEEN SCANT MINUTES SINCE THE CRASHING, BUT THE FULL FORCE OF THE BLAST HAD ALREADY **BLOWN OVER!** THE STORM ITSELF, HOWEVER, DID NOT **ABATE!** IT REMAINED UPON US AS **AWOOL ON A STALLED LOAF!**

FOR TWO UNBOLY DAYS AND NIGHTS, THE SCHOONER'S SMATTERED HULL WAS **SLAMMED** BY TOSSED WAVES, WITH A **BARBARITY** BEYOND **RECKON!**

AND BY THE SIXTH DAY WE WERE WRAPPED IN BOTH CHURNING WATERS AND **ABSOLUTE PITCH BLACKNESS!**

ABOUT US WAS THE **ABORGE** OF **IMPERCEPTIBLE GLOOM...** A **SHADOWY SWEETENING DESERT** OF **BLIND!**



BUT WITH THE **HURRY** BEHIND US THERE WAS TIME TO **FRAY...** TIME TO **QUESTION WHY?**

FINALLY, WE **SLEPT** ON THE NIGHT OF THE THIRD DAY, WITH **THUNDEROUS WAVES TOWERING...** A **DEEP** **HEENT** ABOUT US...



I COULD DETECT A **SUPERSTITIOUS** **TERROR** CHERRING SLOWLY INTO THE **SPRIT** OF THE OLD **BARON**, AND MY **OWN** **SOUL** WAS **WRAPT** IN **SILENT** **WONDER!**



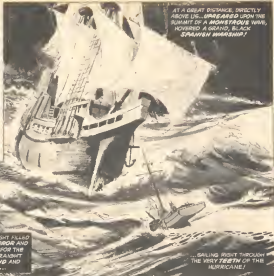
THEN, WELL INTO THE NIGHT, A **QUICK SCREAM** FROM MY **COMPANION** BROKE **FEARFULLY** UPON MY **REPOSE!**

"SEE, SEE!" HE CRIED, **SHAKING** IN MY **EARS!** **"ALMIGHTY GOD! SEE! SEE!"**





ONLY PARTIALLY AWAKE, I CAST MY EYES UPWARD AND BEHELD A SPECTACLE TO FREEZE THE VERY CURRENT OF MY BLOOD!



AT A GREAT DISTANCE, DIRECTLY ABOVE US...**APPEARED** UPON THE SUMMIT OF A MONSTROUS WAVE, HOVERED A GRAND, BLACK SPANISH WARSHIP!

THE CAWLING WIND FELLED US WITH BOTH MORROW AND AFTERNOON...FOR THE VESSEL BORE STRAIGHT AGAINST THE WIND AND CURRENT...

...SAILING RIGHT THROUGH THE VERY TEETH OF THE HURRICANE!



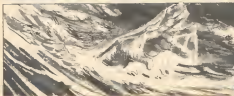
SUDDENLY ALMOST TOO COINCIDENTALLY, OUR OWN DRAFT SANK WITH-OUT WARNING...



...AND AS IT LISTED SHARPLY TO ONE SIDE, I WAS FLUNG...MAY, CATASTROPHED...



RIGHT ONTO THE HINGE OF THE OMINOUS, IRON GUN-BOAT!



IN THE MOMENT I MANAGED A BACKWARD GLANCE, AND THROU A STRANGE INJUSTICE OF FATE, THE OLD SWEDS DID NOT SHARE IN MY FORTUNE!

BELOW ON DECK, A STRANGE
ANACHRONISTIC CREW WENT
ABOUT ITS DUTIES...SEEMINGLY
OBLIVIOUS TO MY VERY
PRESENCE!



I LOOKED MYSELF FROM
THE CONSTRICTING ROPES,
AND MADE MY WAY UN-
PERCEIVED TO THE MAIN
HATCHWAY.

ONCE THERE, I SECRETED MYSELF IN A
RATHER FORSIDING HOLD, DOING SO AS
A PRECAUTION, UNWILLING TO TRUST MY
FATE TO A RACE OF UNKNOWN PEOPLE!



I WOULD ANNOUNCE MY PRESENCE WHEN
THE THREAT OF THE STORM WAS LESS
PRESSING!

AND SOON, A PALE, TATTERED MAN
PASSED MY PLACE OF CONCEALMENT
WITH FEEBLE AND UNSTEADY GAIT, AND
MUCH TO MY SURPRISE, HE SAW ME NOT!



TRULY ABOUT HIM WAS EVIDENCE OF
GREAT AGE AND EXPERIENCE! BUT
HE MUST SURELY HAVE SEEN MY
CLUMSY EFFORT AT DISGUISE!

YET, SURPRISINGLY, THE
SAILOR MUTTERED AND
GROPED AMONG A PILE OF
ARCHAIC-LOOKING
INSTRUMENTS AND DECAYED
CHARTS...



AND AT LENGTH, RETURNED
TO THE DECK...AND I SAW
HIM AND MORE!



I HAD SCARCELY WASN
MY SHELTER...



...WHEN FOOTSTEPS...



...MADE THEMSELVES
KNOWN!



LITTLE FISHWIPPER, TWO CLIPS BY, THOUGH IT HAS BEEN LONG SINCE I FIRST TREAD THE DECK OF THIS TERRIBLE & DAMN, WITH ITS WHOLLY INCREDIBLE, CURSE, YET, DESPITE ITS UNNATURAL FLAVOR, I CAN NOW SENSE THE RHYME OF MY DESTINY GATHERING TO A POCUS!

THEN THERE ARE THESE INCOMPREHENSIBLE MEN! DRAFFED IN ETHERIAL MEDIATION THEY PASS ME BY UNNOTICED!

CONCEALMENT IS UNNECESSARY ON MY PART...FOR THE PEOPLE WILL NOT SEE...OR CANNOT SEE! IT IS NOW THAT I PASS BEFORE THE EYES OF THE FIRST MATE...AND I AM IGNORED!



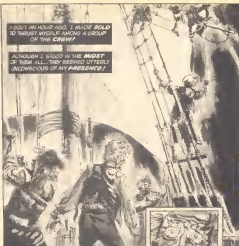
AND IT WAS NO LONGER WHILE AND THAT I RENTURED INTO THE CAPTAIN'S OWN PRIVATE CABIN...AND TOOK THENCE MATERIALS WITH WHICH TO WRITE... AND HAVE WRITTEN!

I SHALL, FROM TIME TO TIME, CONTINUE THIS JOURNAL! IT IS TRUE THAT I MAY NOT FIND AN OPPORTUNITY OF TRANSMITTING THESE NOTES TO THE WORLD...

...BUT I WILL NOT FAIL TO MAKE THE ENDSAVER! AT THE LAST MOMENT I WILL ENCLOSE THE MANUSCRIPT IN A BOTTLE...AND CAST IT INTO THE CONSTANTLY RISING WALL OF SEA!

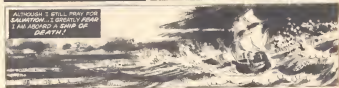
ABOUT AN HOUR AGO, I MADE BOLD
TO THREAT MYSELF AMONG A GROUP
OF THE CREW!

ALTHOUGH I GAZED IN THE MOUTH
OF THEM ALL... THEY SEEMED UTTERLY
UNCONSCIOUS OF MY PRESENCE!



STRANGE IT IS, BUT ALL THE MEN READ THE
MARK OF HOARY OLD AGE! THEIR KNEES
TREMBLED, THEIR SHOULDERS BENT DOUBLE WITH
ACCOMPLISHED. THEIR CHATTERED SOME WHISTLE
IN THE HAND. THEIR VOICES ARE LOW, TREMBLING
AND GROWING. THEIR EYES GLISTEN WITH THE
ANXIETY OF YEARS, AND THEIR GREY HAIRS
STREAM TERRIBLY IN THE UNCLEY STORM!

ALTHOUGH I STILL PRAY FOR
SALVATION... I GREATLY FEAR
I AM AHEAD A SHIP OF
DEATH!



STILL, WHATEVER OUR ULTIMATE
DESTINATION, THE VESSEL FLIES
DUE SOUTH... DIRECTLY INTO
THE PATH OF THE WIND!

I MUST SUPPOSE THIS CRAFT TO BE UNDER THE
INFLUENCE OF A STRONG CURRENT OR
IMPETUOUS UNDERSTORM... OR SOME FORCE FAR
GREATER THAN THE CRY OF A RAGING
HURRICANE!

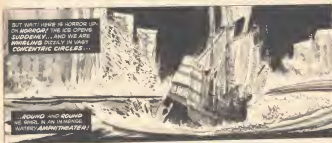


ALL IN THE IMMEDIATE PRESENCE OF THE SHIP
REMAINS IN BLACKNESS...*STERNAS ARRETI!* AND
HOW ABOUT A LEAGUE ON EITHER SIDE OF US, HAN
WE GO! *STERMINOUS* BARRIERS OF ICE...
ICE THAT TOWERS INTO THE DESOLATE SKY...
LOOKING LIKE THE WALLS OF THE UNIVERSE!

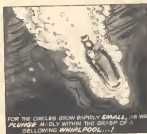


BUT WAIT! HERE IS HORROR UP,
ON MORROW! THE ICE OPENS
SUDDENLY... AND WE ARE
RIVETING DEEPLY IN VAST
CONCENTRIC CIRCLES...

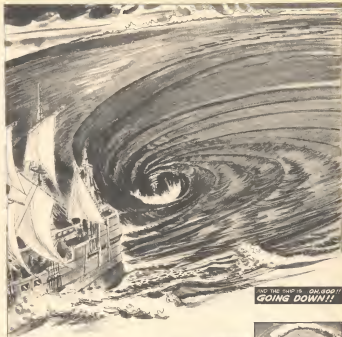
...*BOOM* AND *BOOM*
WE WHIRL IN AN IMMENSE
WATERY *AMPHITHEATRE!*



BUT I CAN SEE THAT LITTLE
TIME IS LEFT ME TO Ponder
MY DESTINY!



FOR THE CIRCLES GROW RAPIDLY SMALL, AS WE
PLUNGE MADLY WITHIN THE GRASP OF A
DEVELOPING WHIRLPOOL....!



AND THE SHIP IS... OH, GOD!!
GOING DOWN!!



EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

FACTS IN THE CASE OF M. VALDEMAR

M. VALDEMAR WAS DYING.

HIS LEFT LUNG HAD DEVELOPED SEVERAL PERFORATIONS... AND IT HAD BEEN IN A CARTILAGINOUS STATE FOR SOME EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

IT WAS THE OPINION OF VALDEMAR'S PERSONAL PHYSICIAN THAT HE WOULD DIE SOMETIME WITHIN THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

DISSOLUTION, TO USE A CLEAN SCIENTIFIC TERM, WAS RAPIDLY OCCURRING...



...WHICH IS WHY I WAS
SUMMONED AT ONCE.



I AM BY
PROFESSION A
MEDICAL DOCTOR
AND A HYPNOTIST.
MY OLD FRIEND
HUMPHREY HAD
AGREED TO
COOPERATE WITH
ME ON A VITAL
EXPERIMENT...

...AN EXPERIMENT
I PERFORMED AS
MUCH FOR HIS
SAKE AS FOR THE
SAKE OF SCIENCE.



MY JOB WAS TO
ANESTHESIZE THE DYING
FELLOW... TO DISCERN
WHAT EFFECT THIS WOULD
HAVE UPON ENCRANCHING
DEATH.

IN THE PROCESS, IT WOULD
RENDER HUMPHREY OF *MINI*

HUMPHREY!
DO YOU STILL
WISH TO GO
THROUGH WITH
THE
EXPERIMENT?



YES

BUT... I FEAR YOU
HAVE... WAITED TOO
LONG... I AM... SO
VERY WEAK...



WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, I
PRODUCED MY WATCH AND
COMMENCED MAKING
HYPNOTIC GESTURES.



AFTER SEVERAL MINUTES, A
DEEP TRANCE WAS FIRMLY
ESTABLISHED.



WALDEMAR'S PULSE WAS ALL BUT
IMPERCEPTIBLE...



...AND WALDEMAR'S
EYES HAD
VISIBLY DARKENED
TO ALMOST
NAUGHT!



THERE WAS NOTHING THE PHYSICIAN OR I
COULD DO TO FURTHER ARREST
WALDEMAR'S CONDITION. WE COULD ONLY...
WAIT!
AND AFTER A LONG WHILE,
WE BOTH DEPARTED.



THE NEXT MORNING...



...WE LOOKED IN ON
OUR PATIENT.



BY ALL THAT
IS HOLY, HE'S STILL
LIVES!



IMPOSSIBLE!
HE HADN'T THE
STRENGTH TO SURVIVE
AN HOUR, LET ALONE
THE ENTIRE NIGHT!

WE EXAMINED THE PATIENT THOROUGHLY.
COULD IT BE THAT MY TRANCE HAD
SOMEHOW STARED THE HAND OF DEATH?

WALDEMAR'S EYES WERE GLASSY...
STARING... AND HIS LIMBS WERE AS
COLD AND RIGID AS MARBLE.



I THEN DETERMINED TO **QUESTION** THE
OLD MAN AS TO THE UNUSUAL STATE IN
WHICH HE FOUND HIMSELF.

WALDEMAR,
ARE YOU
SLEEPING?



WALDEMAR
CAN YOU HEAR
ME?

I HAD TO REPEAT THE QUESTION
SEVERAL TIMES, AFTER THE FINAL
REPETITION, HIS LIPS SAWEERED OPEN...
AND HE SPOKE IN A BARELY
AUDIBLE WHISPER...?

YES / ASLEEP...
NOW DO NOT WAKE
ME... LET ME...
DIE SO!



DO YOU STILL
FEEL THE FIERY
PAIN IN YOUR CHEST
I MUST KNOW?



NO PAIN,
BUT I AM
DYING...!



NO SOONER HAD HE FINISHED SPEAKING... WHEN
LOOMING DEATH, LIKE A VULTURE, **POUNCED**.



THE EYES ROLLED THEMSELVES SHUT.
HIS FOREHEAD RELAXED AND UNFURROWED



THE SKIN ASSUMED A CACHEMIOUS Hue,
RESEMBLING NOT SO MUCH LIGHTLY
COLORED PARCHMENT AS WHITE PAPER.



WALDEMAR'S UPPER LIP WITHDREW AWAY FROM HIS TEETH,
WHICH IT HAD ONCE COVERED COMPLETELY...



...WHILE THE LOWER JAW FELL OPEN WITH AN AUDIBLE
CRACK, LEAVING THE MOUTH WIDELY EXTENDED...



...AND DISCLOSED IN FULL VIEW THE
SWOLLEN AND BLACKENED TONGUE?



BOTH I AND THE PHYSICIAN AT MY SIDE WERE ACCUSTOMED TO MANY DEATHED HORRORS.



BUT NEITHER OF US WERE PREPARED FOR THE PATIENT'S VISCIDUS DENSE.

WHAT DO YOU *AVARE* OF IT, DOCTOR? HE DIDN'T JUST *DIE*... HE LITERALLY WENT TO PIECES!

GROTESQUE! AND YET... I SENSE THAT WALDEMAR IS STILL WITH US.

I TOOK HIS PULSE. THERE WAS NO CHANGE THE FAINTEST SIGN OF VITALITY PRESENT. WE WERE ABOUT TO ARRANGE FOR BURIAL WHEN...

BY ALL THAT IS HOLY...

WALDEMAR SPOKE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE!

USGH...

THE VOICE ASSAILED OUR EARS FROM A DISTANCE... AS IF FROM SOME DEEP CAVERN WITHIN THE EARTH!

I HAVE BEEN SLEEPING...

...AND NOW...

...NOW I AM DEAD!



WALDEMAR HAD BEEN HYPNOTIZED TO FREE HIM FROM **AAAH** TO OUR COLLECTIVE AMAZEMENT, NOT ONLY DID TWO OCCUR...



...BUT IT WAS EVIDENT THAT **DEATH** TOO HAD BEEN ARRESTED BY THE MESMERIC PROCESS!

FOR **MANY** NIGHTS, THE PATIENT WALDEGAR REMAINED IN THE GOOGLER'S STATE... FROZEN IN **LETHARGY** SOMEWHERE BETWEEN **WARM** LIFE AND **COLD** **DEATH**!



AND **I** WAS TO **BLAME**! FOR HOW COULD THE OLD MAN EVER KNOW **PEACE** WITH HIS SOUL TRAPPED THUS?

I MADE UP MY MIND TO LIFT THE TRANCE ONCE AND FOR ALL... **WHATEVER** THE COST... TO MY OWN WELL-BEING!



I HAD MADE SEVERAL VERY DRAINING HYPNOTIC **ATTEMPTS** OVER THE LIVING CORPSE... WHEN HE SUDDENLY CRIED OUT IN **BLOOD-CURLING PAIN**!


I AM **SORRY**, WALDEGAR... HOW COULD I HAVE **KNOWN**?

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT IS SOMETHING FOR WHICH NO HUMAN SENSE COULD HAVE **IMAGINED**!

FOR GOD'S SAKE, **WAKE**! PUT ME BACK TO SLEEP OR **AWAKEN** ME!

FOR I SAY TO YOU... **AAAH**... THAT... THAT I AM **DEAD**!





WALDEMAR'S ENTIRE BODY SHRUNK, WITHIN
THE SPACE OF A MINUTE.

THE PAIN...
THE... PAIN...

...CRUMPLED...

...THE PAIN...

...ROTTED AWAY BEFORE OUR VERY EYES!

UPON THE BED LAY A NEARLY
LIQUID MASS OF LOATHSOME
PUTRIDITY!

SEVERAL MONTHS OF SLOW, PROLONGED
DEATH HAD RUSHED TO CLAW THE OLD
MAN AT ONCE! IT MUST HAVE BEEN
AGONYING... DEATH PULLED HIM AWAY,
AS IF AMMOGISED BY OUR HAVING
TAMPERED IN ITS REIGN!

BUT FOR MY POOR FRIEND WALDEMAR, AS FOR
MYSELF, THIS EXPERIMENT WAS FINALLY OVER.

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and inside, walking down
on this platform (GIAN-
in the south all everyone
shuffling along wonder-
ing what's in all hand
but this fellow said "Thank
you're never again shocked
I will. To have a man in

SKU



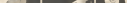
YOUR DOG WILL COME RUNNING WHEN HE HEARS IT!

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